Every Week

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How Long Can England Hold Out?

Burton J. Hendrick

This Should Be Our Attitude

ON the following page we publish an important article by Mr. Burton J. Hendrick, called "How Long Can England Hold Out?"

From time to time we shall publish other important articles on the war.

These will not be pro-Ally articles or pro-German articles; they will be pro-American articles. They will deal with the war in its influence on our own country. That is the aspect in which every true American must be interested most.

You, as an intelligent human being, must have some opinion on the war: you must sympathize with one side or the other. That is proper.

But the thing that you and I ought not to forget is that some day the war is going to end. Some day the world will settle down into a peaceful neighborhood again. Some day England must begin again to do business with Germany, and we must begin again to do business with both.

When that day comes, the nation that has the least hate in its heart will make the most progress.

Of human hatreds, none destroys efficiency like hate: none dies so hard. Grass grows green over battlefields; ruined cities are rebuilt. But hate lives for a generation—until all the haters are dead.

While the war still goes on, while our sympathies are still enlisted on one side or the other, it is a good mental exercise for us to remind ourselves frequently of the good qualities of each of the warring nations—to remember how much we owe to England and Germany and France.

England gave us our language and our governmental institutions and ideals.

France has stimulated our science and art; and to France we owe a debt for her help in the American Revolution that we have never decently acknowledged or repaid.

To German training and research our universities attribute much of their excellence; our whole business life has been given a fresh impetus by the example of German efficiency.

While you are remembering Germany's "frightfulness" in Belgium, and England's disregard of our rights on the seas, remember these other things also—even if it requires an effort.

By remembering them you keep your mind prepared for the day when we must do business with all the world again. Our prosperity and our opportunity for leadership in the world depend upon the extent to which we can understand these other nations and be of service to them.

We can neither prosper nor be useful if we hate.

What Opportunity for a Woman?

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

I HAVE noticed your articles, but I fail to see what value they have to women except those who have money to invest. All the men I meet seem to be interested in financial subjects; but why should women be interested, when there is so little opportunity for them? Is there any thing a woman can do? —Mrs. C. L. B., Lansing, Michigan.

THERE are real, live opportunities for young women in financial work—opportunities that the public has never heard of.

For the right sort of women big incomes may be earned in life insurance. Recently a woman was elected to an organization several hundred of the big companies to which only the most successful are admitted. It was the first time that distinction ever went to a woman. A great effort is being made by several of the large companies to enlist women agents for work among professional women and those who have inherited large means. Miss Marie Little heads an important department of one of the big companies and is as full of her subject as any man.

Why Not Bond Saleswomen?

IT is quite probable that a field is about to open up in the sale of bonds and other investment securities. One of the largest investment banking concerns in New York recently opened a department for women clients, with one of their own sex in charge. I am quite sure that any bright young woman who has mastered the rudiments of finance—whom she can accomplish by means of a correspondence course or is a night school—would not have the slightest difficulty in finding an investment dealer only too glad to pay her a good salary if she showed aptitude in selling bonds.

Of course, there is always a future for clever stenographers who become real secretaries. It was long a tradition in Wall Street that a certain great financier paid his secretary a salary so fabulous that I am almost afraid to repeat the figure—$50,000. The amount may be exaggerated; but such business ability did that person show that she was really worth a fortune to the man of millions.

Perhaps the most highly developed financial occupation open to women, but one hardly known to the public, is that of expert special librarian. Banks, corporations, and brokers are using special libraries more and more. These libraries have become valuable assets to their owners, and the women in charge have in several instances become almost as important as the officers, and of course receive good salaries.

In the case of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, the librarian set about to select the fifty books that would be most frequently used and would prove most valuable, to the thousands of employees of that concern. To make such a selection requires a high order of ability.

One of the most remarkable women in this line of work is Miss Marian Olcott, librarian of the American Bankers' Association. The members of this association look to her for help in all parts of the country, and a request from a member for information on any phase of money or banking matters brings from Miss Olcott by return mail a thick budget of clippings, articles, and other material covering exactly what is wanted. I suppose Miss Olcott is really responsible for more speeches at dinners and meetings of bankers than any other human being.

Miss Isadore Bluestein, librarian of the National City Bank of New York, has built up the largest financial library in this country. She too, supplies detailed information on any business or financial subject.

There are many other women engaged in similar work. The field is growing rapidly, and the most successful are those who see to it that the work is being recognized as a vital and essential part of successful business enterprises.

Can Loose Teeth Be Fastened?

By EDWIN F. BOWERS, M.D.

SOME time ago you wrote a most interesting and helpful article on Rigg's disease. Are there any new facts in this connection.

"SINCE the discovery by Drs. Barrett and Smith that the chief cause of pyorrhœa, (a disease of the gums) is a vegetable organism, and also that an alkaloid derived from cocaine is a specific poison against this parasite, thousands of cases of pyorrhœa have been cured.

Now, however, if the experiments of Dr. Barton Lide Wright, surgeon of the United States Navy,—stationed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire,—and Dr. Paul G. White, dental surgeon of the United States Navy, are borne out by several thousand additional favorable experiences, an even more radical means of stamping out Rigg's disease has been found.

Ten Out of Ten Cures

IT will be remembered that emetine hydrochloride, the active principle of ipecac, has been found a specific antidote against the entamœba hœmatis, the little amœba whose pernicious activities are badly known to all dentists. By using gums to bleed, pus to form around the necks of teeth, and the teeth ultimately to loosen and drop out—this in addition to producing many grave systemic conditions.

While emetine killed amœbas, it had no specific action upon the pus-forming germs; so there were a certain number of cases which, in spite of emetine and thorough scaling and cleaning of the teeth, failed materially to improve. The percentage of the cases has been estimated as approximately two out of ten.

But now it is confidently believed that we may cure ten out of ten, because we have found a drug—one of the oldest and most widely used in medicine—that not only kills entamœbas, but also, if properly used, kills all other vegetable organisms. This old drug is mercury.

Dr. Wright selected the arsenamide of mercury in his work, as large doses of this can be injected than of any other salt of mercury. Also, it is readily soluble, and does not cause much, if any, tissue change or irritation, when properly injected into the muscles.

When I talked with Drs. Wright and White, last summer, they had treated twenty-eight consecutive cases of pyorrhœa, every one of which was cured in from four to forty-one days. The average length of time required to perfect a cure was fifteen days. The largest number of injections required to sterilize the pyorrhœa was six; the smallest, one; while the average was two and seven tenths.

Of these cases nine had systemic infection, probably caused by the condition around the teeth. Six of these were chronic rheumatisms, one chronic stomach trouble, one chronic facial neuralgia, and one laryngitis. These were all cured of everything that was the matter with them by curing their gums.

The local treatment, given by Dr. White, consisted in careful removal of deposits and tartar from around the necks of the teeth, extraction of utterly hopeless teeth and roots, polishing of the root structures, and the application to the gums of iodine, aconite, and chloroform.

Dr. Wright's treatment, it is needless to say, must be given by a surgeon or physician. For distinguishable, painful or even dangerous results may follow the administration of mercury in the hands of an amateur, and where the kidneys are involved the treatment should not be given at all.

However, it seems quite certain that another big advance in the preservation of life and health has been made. Almost the least satisfactory part of most work with the discoverers of the original cure for pyorrhœa—is that the men involved with it are brother Americans.

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How Long Can England Hold Out?

By BURTON J. HENDRICK

IN March, 1864, a visitor to the Treasury Department in Washington was discussing with Secretary Chase the financial condition of the United States. "What is the war debt now?" he asked.

"It's about $2,500,000,000," Chase answered.

"How much more can the country stand?"

"If we do not suppress the rebellion when it reaches three billions," replied Chase, "we shall have to give up the fight."

However, the debt went beyond the three billion mark, and yet the federal government did not surrender. In fact, the Civil War could have cost five times that amount without seriously disarranging the nation's finances and industry.

To-day millions of Englishmen—and almost as many Americans, especially those who are buying British bonds—are asking this same question: How long can England stand it? She has already lent to France and Russia an amount larger than the American Civil War debt in 1864. Her war obligations, so far, have reached $11,000,000,000—and the struggle has lasted less than two years. Is there any limit to her financial endurance? How long can a nation spend what Reginald McKenna, in his Budget speech of September 22, said that England was spending at that time—$22,500,000 a day?

History has known nothing comparable to this. In the last two years of her Napoleonic struggle England was spending less than $1,000,000 a day—at that time an unheard-of sum. In the last three years of the Civil War the United States arranged expenditures of $2,000,000 a day. That held the record as the most expensive war in history until this present cataclysm made it look like a mere backyard skirmish.

How long can England keep it up?

No Englishman Owns Himself To-day

A NATION fights a war with all her financial and industrial resources. Everything that England has, all the possessions that Englishmen enjoy, constitute the national wealth available for warfare. No Englishman to-day can claim as his own his income, his accumulations, the house in which he lives, or the shirt upon his back. All these things, as well as his living body, are assets of the State. Parliament can seize all his possessions, as well as his personal tenement, for service in the war. In seeking an answer to the question propounded, therefore, we must examine what this industrial and financial England really is: what is its wealth, its accumulations, its investments in all parts of the world, its income, its savings, and its present earning capacity. For purposes of war, however, only what may be called its liquid assets—the capital that can be mobilized within a reasonable period—are entitled to consideration. The greatest wealth of any nation is probably its land, but land obviously can play little part in financing a war.

What, then, are the things that the taxgatherer can place his hands on, with which to purchase munitions, to feed armies and navies, to pay soldiers and sailors, to keep the military forces in a constant state of efficient action?

Germany, we have been told, was splendidly prepared for this war. She had mountains of ammunition, forests of forty-two centimeter guns, and an almost inexhaustible supply of trained soldiers. She had been piling up these resources for thirty years. In another and perhaps more fundamental sense, England was prepared. She had been accumulating capital value of her wealth at $85,000,000,000—less than that of the United States, it is true, which amounts to $165,000,000,000, but doing rather well for a little island not much larger than our New England States. Our unexampled wealth is largely agricultural domain, reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific; England's is, to a much greater degree, mobilizable capital. John Bull has an annual income of $12,000,000,000 a year—an income that has doubled in thirty years, and which was gaining at an amazing rate when war suddenly disarranged the financial landscape. Compared with his resources, he had a small debt—only about $3,500,000,000, or about a quarter of a single year's income. Interest on this debt consumed less than one per cent. of each year's earnings. John owed nothing to his neighbors—the loan recently floated in New York representing his first foreign borrowings since the days of Charles II. He used less than seven per cent. of his income in paying the annual cost of conducting the world's greatest empire, leaving his people the remaining ninety-three per cent. to spend on themselves, to build up new enterprises, and to make more money.

So firmly had John established his business, so secure from foreign encroachment did he feel, that, alone of all the nations, he made his own ports open to the world's competition. "Come here and beat me at my own game!"—such was his standing invitation to mankind. With twenty million tons of shipping, he was the world's carrier—Germany making a poor second with five millions. With all the world paying him commissions, he was the world's banker. And, contrary to general belief, taxation in England was light—lighter than in any country except our own. England did not tax necessaries, but luxuries. Her ingenious invention, the tax on incomes, naturally hit only those who had incomes to be taxed.

The young Duke of Westminster is probably the richest landholder in England. He has an income of about three million dollars a year, and before the war he was paying less than one twentieth of this in taxes. He is now paying one third, and before the end of the war will probably be paying one half. Incidentally, the Duke is a good sport. He joined his regiment at the beginning of the war, and has been fighting in the trenches ever since. Above is his wife, the sister of George Cornwallis-West, who recently married Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

The consternation of the German Chancellor when he heard, contrary to his calculations, that England had entered the war, is thus easily explained. He did not fear, primarily, the English army, nor even the English navy. What he really saw, in the distance, was this huge treasure-house of English wealth—her $85,000,000,000 of capital, an enormous amount of it liquid, her $20,000,000,000 of foreign investments, her $12,000,000,000 yearly income, and her $2,000,000,000 yearly savings.

With these figures in mind, a few arithmetical calculations would seem to answer the question: How long can England hold out? If the nation is spending $8,000,000,000 a year, and its total wealth is $85,000,000,000, she could, apparently, go on for ten years. Her foreign investments alone would pay the expenses of the war for nearly three years. Sober-minded Englishmen, however, do not figure the problem this way. The sale of foreign investments to pay the cost of a war would simply mean that England was consuming her capital. The attempt to cash in on other even less tangible assets would signify the same thing. Necessity may compel sacrifices of this kind; the day may come when England may pledge her foreign investments in New York as security for American loans. Until that time of necessity arrives, however, there are other more available resources. For the present she must depend upon her earnings—the products of her factories, shipping, and general trade, and, in addition, the interest upon her foreign investments. These several items aggregate about $14,000,000,000 a year. This is a great annual fund, representing not capital but earnings. The expenditure of this whole sum, or any part of it, would not mean any encroachment on the accumulations of three centuries.

The Whole Nation Must Save

THE question of financial endurance, therefore, resolves itself into simple terms. The present cost of the war is about $8,000,000,000 a year. England's total income, out of which this cost can be met without permanently injuring the nation, is $14,000,000,000. After paying the piper, therefore, the English people will have $6,000,000,000 left for their daily needs. At the rate of expenditure prevailing before the war, the English people were spending $10,000,000,000 a year in living expenses. War expenses, as already said, will cut this allowance down to $6,000,000,000. That is, if England can economize $4,000,000,000 in the cost of

living, she can apparently continue the war indefinitely, even at the present strenuous rate of expenditure. Therein is England's financial problem in a nutshell. The great task of English statesmanship at the present moment is to enforce economy upon the English people. If England is to win this war, she must win it with the present and past earnings of the English people.

There are three ways in which the government can obtain access to this accumulated treasure. One is by moral suasion. In ante-bellum days the English people invested their earnings largely in foreign enterprises. They laid aside nearly $2,000,000,000 a year in this way. Instead of purchasing foreign investments, they must now use this money in buying war bonds. Little persuasion is needed to induce them to do this; naturally, no English money is now going into foreign business. This two billions of dollars, representing England's normal savings, in itself pays for one fourth the cost of the present military and naval operations. This represents the amount, that is, that England can pay without suffering any inconvenience at all. The income in foreign investments, placed at the disposal of the Empire, gives an additional billion.

But the English people must do better than that. By splitting their normal living expenditures in two, they can furnish $3,000,000,000 more. If the rich will stop buying automobiles, cut down their forces of servants, and stop lavish entertainments—if the middle classes and the poor will economize in a thousand different ways—this needed $3,000,000,000 can easily be saved. This amount, with the $3,000,000,000 already accumulated, will give $6,000,000,000 available for war purposes—almost the amount required.

It is probably a rule of human nature that few people economize unless necessity forces them to do so. A family living on $5000 a year finds it practically impossible to save half that amount. When a domestic cataclysm suddenly cuts the income to $2500, however, it usually succeeds in adjusting the situation to the altered circumstances. And the British Parliament does not have to depend upon voluntary economies; it has means of enforcing them. Taxation is only another word for forcible saving. England is using this instrument with the utmost freedom.

The fact that the English people stand this taxation with such good nature is a great element of financial and military strength. At present England presents an amazing spectacle: a great, rich people practically begging for taxation. Huge as were the levies made in the recent Budget, the only grumblings they inspired was that they were not large enough!

What Astor Will Have to Pay

AMERICANS, who know practically nothing about taxation,—at least, for federal purposes,—really do not understand the extent to which it is being practised in England to-day. At present the income tax is taking not far from one third of all incomes. A man who has $6000 a year is paying $1500 to the general treasury; a man who has $25,000 pays nearly $8000. The men who have extraordinarily large incomes must pay large sums. Mr. McKenna, in his recent Budget speech, said that an income of $500,000 a year would pay in taxes about $150,000! This new tax will so weigh upon certain well known American expatriates that it may almost make them yearn for their native land. There is William Waldorf Astor, for example. His income, largely from New York real estate, is not far from $10,000,000 a year. The new tax will take about $3,000,000 of this for war purposes! English makers of war munitions and supplies are also hit hard. The new taxes take just one half of what are popularly known as war profits.

In giving all this cheerful information to British millionaires, Mr. McKenna made another amazing statement. Large as these taxes were, he said, in a few months he would probably propose others still larger. And the British public unanimously applauded the suggestion. There is no limit to which Parliament can apply the income tax. If necessary, it will not take $3,000,000 of Mr. Astor's $10,000,000; it will take it all. Why not, if the salvation of England demands it? It might leave Mr. Astor $5000 or $10,000 a year to supply his daily wants. That would be no particular hardship for him; it would mean merely giving up his accustomed mode of life for two or three years. Ultimately Mr. Astor, the Duke of Westminster, Sir Thomas Lipton, and other British millionaires, would lose nothing. In taking over their incomes on this wholesale scale, the government would give them government bonds in exchange. In the end those gentlemen would find themselves richer than at the beginning.

If necessity compelled England to take over the $20,000,000,000 of foreign securities, it would adopt the same procedure. That is, it would take from English holders Union Pacific stock, New York Central, Canadian Pacific, and thousands of other marketable securities. It would then sell these in foreign markets,—for the larger part in New York,—and with the cash realized pay the cost of the war. As already said, this treasure in itself would pay present expenses for nearly three years; and this tremendous hoard England has not yet touched.

The question at the head of this article is now apparently answered. England can apparently stand the present strain indefinitely. Consequently English industry and trade are still flourishing. English commerce, thanks to the efficiency of the English fleet, is still sailing the Seven Seas. The most recent figures show that English commerce and industry have dropped almost twenty-five per cent. as a result of the war. That seems a material loss, but it still leaves England the richest nation in the world, next to the United States. As English wealth has increased greatly in the last five years, the net result is that economic England is just about as busy and successful now as she was in 1910. The comforting part for Englishmen is that her industrial position is growing stronger month by month. In particular, English ship-building yards are experiencing a great boom. The government has taken over hundreds of England's merchant ships for war purposes; English yards are now working day and night to supply ships to take their places. In spite of war and submarines, England is still the world's great carrier.

England is far better equipped to stand the present strain than she was a hundred years ago. Yet she started the last war against Napoleon in 1803 and kept at it until 1815—twelve years. The country was less strongly united then than now. A larger portion of the British public opposed the war; her allies deserted her at critical moments; Napoleon made a far more formidable showing in the first few years than has the Kaiser. England's great statesman, William Pitt, died in the belief that the English cause was lost. Trafalgar never gave England the complete mastery of the seas that her present fleet of dreadnoughts has won for her. The exchequer had the utmost difficulty in floating loans; it had to give bonuses with each subscription, so that only $100 was actually taken in for every $108 loaned in securities.

No Danger of Financial Exhaustion

AT present England is spending something more than one half her revenue for war purposes. In the last two years of the war with Napoleon she spent almost one fifth. Apparently, the present conflict is a greater strain; but the fact that her present resources are infinitely greater now than they were a hundred years ago makes the comparison fallacious. For even after spending one half, the nation has a much greater per capita wealth to-day now than in the days of Napoleon. A man who has an income of $1000 a year and contributes one fifth has $800 left. Another who has $25,000 and contributes half has $12,500 left. The first man represents the England of Napoleon's day after spending one fifth of its income in war; the second represents present-day England after spending one half. After paying all the costs of the present war, some one has figured, England's population will still have left an income [illegible] about as large as its entire income in Disraeli's day. In other words, the financial power she has accumulated in forty years has given her the financial strength to conduct the present operations. Any idea of real financial exhaustion may, therefore, be dismissed. The cost will hurt, and hurt for many years to come; but the aggregate sufferings will be those of an extremely rich man who loses a considerable part of his income. It would hurt Mr. Rockefeller to have an income of $5,000,000 a year instead of $20,000,000; still, he would not be a candidate for the poorhouse.

Delilah Jane—Detective

By FRANK GOEWEY JONES

Illustrations by Edward L. Chase

THE six o'clock whistle blew. From the assembling and inspection departments on the top floor of the Ajax Electric Company factory the evening flood of coil-winders and testers surged into the hall and down the stairs.

Jane Dickens, the young forewoman of the inspectors, put away the last of her shop orders and locked her desk. She perked a sassy blue turban on her blond head, and sauntered out toward the railed-in corner that the foreman of the assemblers jokingly called his private office.

STEKETEE heard her coming. He banged down the roll-top of his desk, grabbed his straw hat, and stalked petulantly to meet Jane. His mouth was set hard in a straight line, and his eyes glittered like polished dark blue marbles.

"I didn't suppose you'd walk home with me to-night!" he blurted.

"Why not?" inquired tantalizing Jane.

"I thought probably you'd prefer Mr. Galland's company. He's hung around you most of the afternoon."

Jane laughed, but she touched her lips with significant fingers. "Wait until we get outside, and I'll tell you something," she whispered mysteriously.

The foreman walked beside her in sulky silence until they were out of doors and across the street. Then he barked:

"Well, what is it?"

"You needn't snap my head off!" the girl retorted.

"No! I'm supposed to act meek as a lamb!" he countered. "You flirt half the afternoon with Galland, and expect me to be deaf, dumb, and blind!"

"But he's the superintendent, Joe! I can't help it if he likes me. I'd certainly be foolish to get him sore. I don't want to be fired until I've saved enough for my trousseau."

"You won't need it very soon!" the foreman growled savagely. "Galland's got it in for me because we're engaged. He's trying to find an excuse to discharge me. He'll get me, in the end. He thinks you'd quit me if I lost my place; and, the way you've been treating him lately, I don't wonder he's got things stood up that way."

The girl's light blue eyes snapped. Just in time Jane bit her lips. She realized that Joe was suffering.

"You ought to know I had a good reason for leading Galland on," she reproached. "I saw through his scheme a long while ago; but I knew he'd fire us both, and quick, if I got huffy with him. We wouldn't dare get married either, Joe, with your job depending on him. He's got to leave the Ajax, or we have. Galland is a crook—I just know it. But he's so slick nobody ever got the goods on him. If I could find out what he's doing, I'll bet I could put him in jail."

"What do you mean?" cried Steketee.

"There are several things that don't tally up the way they would if he was honest," said Jane. "I never spoke a word to you, because you'd have said I was crazy. I shouldn't tell you now, only I need your help. You know Kargowitz, from Grand Rapids?"

"The junk-man? Yes."

"He buys all the factory scrap metal nowadays, doesn't he?" suggested Jane.

"I hadn't noticed—I guess he does, though."

"Why?" she developed her point.

"Seems to me I heard the purchasing agent say Kargowitz always made a better price than the other junk-dealers."

"RIGHT," Jane agreed. "That's suspicious. And Galland got him over here the first time. That's suspicious, too, with the other things I've noticed. Kargowitz also takes tons and tons of our scrap steel punchings, which nobody used to buy. That's another funny thing. Then, you remember we saw Kargowitz and Galland chumming up mighty thick the Sunday we went to Reed's Lake in Grand Rapids. And, last, Galland bought a brand new big automobile a month ago. That didn't come out of his salary, you can bet. He was dead broke when he came here in September."

"I believe you're right, Jane. If I thought we could prove Galland's doing any dirty work, I'd hire a detective to watch him," declared Steketee.

"You don't have to," she rejected his plan. "I'm detective enough to catch a crook. I think I know about how he and Kargowitz work their game, and in the morning I'm going to make sure."

"You know, to-morrow is the last of the month. That's the day Kargowitz always comes over. I've kept tabs, and I'm on to just what they do. He and Galland and three or four of the packer boys weigh up the scrap metal. The boys shovel the stuff into barrels and roll them on the scales. The figures are put down on pads by Kargowitz and Galland. One of the boys marks a number on each barrel and the net weight of the metal that is in it. Another nails burlap over the top. After that the barrels are trucked downstairs and weighed again by the shipping-clerk. Finally, Galland and Kargowitz come down and check up their bills with the shipping-clerk. It looks all right, doesn't it?"

"It certainly does," responded Steketee.

"Well, it isn't," stated Jane positively. "And to-morrow I'm going to find out what the trick is."

"How are you going to find out?"

"You leave that to me," the girl evaded. "You're going to help me. In the morning I'll send a note by you to the superintendent that I'm sick and can't come to work. You run my department and yours both to-morrow. And you keep away from the store-room while they're packing up the scrap. I don't want any

thing to happen that will make them suspicious."

"What do you intend to do?" Steketee demanded. "I won't have you running any risks."

"Pooh!" she derided. "All I'll do is check up some figures."

MAKING her audit, however, was not as simple a process as Jane gave Steketee to understand it would be. The next morning she got up half an hour earlier than was her habit, and donned her oldest dress and shoes. After a hasty breakfast she left the house at a quarter past six.

She wore neither hat nor jacket. She hurried to the factory by a different route from the one she usually took. She opened the back gate of the factory yard a little after the half hour, and slipped into the big building by a rear door.

Jane had calculated accurately. The old night watchman, after unlocking the gates and doors for the employees due to ten or fifteen minutes, was washing up before going home.

The amateur detective noiselessly walked to the back corner where the scrap metal was kept in bins. Tiers of shelves lined the aisles to the ceiling. Across the fronts of these shelves were nailed boards about a foot wide to prevent the contents of the stock compartments from falling out. Jane agilely climbed to the top shelf nearest the junk-bins.

Fortunately for her purpose, it was used only for the storage of out-of-date coils. The day before, Jane had pretended to look the windings over, and had stacked them at one end of the compartment. There was just room enough now for her to lie prone.

She knew that she was invisible from the aisle. A crack between the floor of the shelf and the protecting board across the front enabled her to see the scrap metal and the scales clearly.

One element of her stratagem, however, Jane had failed to take into consideration. She had not realized how agonizing it would be to lie flat and motionless on the hard shelf. Even before the siren screeched at seven o'clock, she was cramped. She moved gingerly to ease her position, but the next instant she stopped, breathless. The boards had creaked under her weight; a little cloud of dust puffed through the crack.

The hour that followed seemed endless. Above her head she could hear the scuffle of shoes and the click of the girls' heels in her own department. She recognized the heavier tread of Steketee, and knew he was doing double duty, as she had arranged. From the ground floor came the clatter and hum of machinery. The stock-room employees were busy in the front of their department. Trucks rumbled in the aisles, but nobody came within the range of her vision until after eight o'clock. The girl grew stiff and sore in every muscle.

Jane had just made up her mind to risk turning on her side when she heard Galland's big voice and the answering cackle of Kargowitz. In a moment she was holding herself rigid while the two men approached down the aisle. Behind them came three packers, dragging hand-trucks loaded with empty barrels. A fourth boy trundled the platform scales.

The little procession stopped directly below Jane's nose. The excited girl watched the scales swing into position. Galland brusquely ordered the boys to begin filling the four barrels with copper, German silver, brass, and steel punchings respectively. Jane stealthily drew closer to her right hand the memorandum-pad she had brought with her. She had ruled it into four equal divisions. She clutched her pencil expectantly.

The barrels were shoveled full from separate bins. One after another, the weights were taken. When the number of pounds in the first cask was read off, one of the boys marked the numerals on the staves with a brush. He also daubed the number 1 beneath the figure, and inclosed it within a circle. Galland and Kargowitz thereupon called out to each other the weight, and each entered it opposite the numeral 1 on their memorandum-pads. These, as Jane perceived, were ruled, like her own, into four divisions, for copper, brass, German silver, and steel. Immediately after making his notation the superintendent ordered one of the helpers to nail burlap over the first barrel and to load it on a truck.

The girl could see every act distinctly, though she was too far away to read the figures on Galland's and Kargowitz's lists. She jotted down her own memorandum of the weight in the column headed "copper."

The procedure was similar with all the barrels that followed the first on the scales. In no case did Galland or Kargowitz mark the figures on the staves. That was done always by a boy. Invariably the weight was pointed, just as the boy called it out after reading the scale-bar. Jane realized that every precaution was apparently being taken to insure an honest check.

GALLAND had won the approval of the president of the Ajax Electric Company by his "driving" methods. He now continually reminded his sweating helpers that Kargowitz's car of junk must be loaded on the side-track before eleven o'clock, so that the switch engine could pick it up for the noon train.

Now that the racket below her was incessant, Jane ventured occasionally to move a little. She watched the packers vigilantly; and the longer she watched, the surer she was that the superintendent hurried the four young packers for the express purpose of flustering them. He seemed bent on driving his men so fast that they would not realize what they were doing.

Finally the last barrel was weighed, marked, and trundled away. The tired packers dragged their trucks and the scales up the aisle.

Just below Jane, the superintendent and the junk-dealer paused and compared their lists. Neither spoke, but Galland swiftly indicated with his pencil the numbers of seven barrels. Kargowitz made tiny dots opposite the same numerals on his own pad. The pantomime was over in a dozen seconds. Then the two men, talking loudly about the metal market, followed the trucks.

Although her vigil was over, the detective dared not leave her hiding-place. It was necessary to the success of her stratagem that she should remain undiscovered on the high shelf for nearly two hours yet. As soon as she was sure that Galland and Kargowitz were out of hearing, Jane turned over on her back. The easing ease was such relief that for several minutes she lay supine in blissful comfort. The constricted blood tingled through her limbs again with delicious pricklings of benumbed nerves. She smiled happily.

After a while she groped for her pad. She had not been able to discern the numbers of the seven barrels Galland had indicated to Kargowitz, and she studied her list thoughtfully. Then she carefully folded the tabulation and slipped the paper into the waist of her dress. She lay reined again, and stared at the ceiling, closing her eyes in order to concentrate her thoughts. Jane had no idea she was getting drowsy, but she fell asleep. She did not awake until the twelve o'clock blast from the factory whistle ripped asunder a pleasant dream.

The screech of the siren startled Jane so much that she sat up suddenly and bumped her head. For half a minute she was dazed. Then she realized where she was, and lay down again. She had twenty minutes yet to wait. Some of the stock-keepers were accustomed to eat their lunch in the store-room. When making her plans for espionage she had timed the men carefully, and had satisfied herself that they would finish the contents of their dinner-pails within a quarter of an hour, so that they could watch the inter-department ball game, which was played every noon in the factory yard. She knew too that the second floor should be deserted by twenty minutes past twelve.

At last her watch indicated that Jane might venture forth. She climbed down noiselessly from the shelf. There was not a sound in the store-room. She brushed the dust off her dress and hands, then tiptoed to the back stairs and listened. The machine shop below was silent. From a rear window she could see the workmen in the yard, where the ball game had started. The coast was clear.

JANE abandoned her stealthy manner when she started down the flight of steps. She sauntered through the machine shop and out to the packing-room. As she had anticipated, it was deserted, too. In a moment she had opened the big record book and was comparing the shipping-clerk's entries with her list. Every weight the shipping-clerk had entered agreed with her own notation. All the barrels, too, were put down. But Jane smiled as her pencil point descended the four columns on her memorandum. She paused to make dots opposite seven figures—the very number that Galland had routedly indicated to Kargowitz after the scrap-bins were emptied. These weights, and the numerals of the barrels to which they belonged, the forewoman jotted down on a separate slip of paper she found on the shipping-clerk's desk. She folded her own list again and tucked it carefully inside her waist. The new memorandum she carried in her hand. Then Jane went out to the yard.

The superintendent stood at one corner of the factory, leaning against the wall while he smoked a cigar and watched the ball game from aloof, as comported with the dignity of his position. The forewoman walked straight toward him. He saw her, and straightened from his lounging position, smiling genially.

"Hello, Jane!" he greeted. "I thought you was on the sick list to-day."

"I'm all right now," she answered shortly. "I want to see you a few minutes. Will you come up to my department?"

His eyes widened. "What's the mystery?" He peered at the forewoman's face.

"I've caught a thief," Jane answered. "I want to show you the evidence."

The burly superintendent savagely crunched his teeth. He had detected a pilferer himself only a week before, and had taken ferocious satisfaction in making an example of the boy. Galland sprang to Jane's side now, and strode along with the forewoman toward the back door of the factory.

"Who is it?" he whispered.

"You can tell better than I can," she evaded.

"Do you think it's a girl or one of the men?"

"A man."

"What did he steal?"

"I can't say how much he's got away

"The superintendent seemed to hurry his packers for the express purpose of flustering them."

with. I've only found a few things. Sh-h!" Jane cautioned. "Wait until we get upstairs."

They came to the inspection department. Excepting themselves there was no one on the third floor. The forewoman waved the superintendent to a seat beside her desk and sat down in her own chair.

"Who d'you suspect?" Galland blurted impatiently.

"You!" Jane shot back. "You and Kargowitz. I don't just suspect, though—I know!"

THE superintendent stiffened as if his seat had been an electric chair. Then he whirled round and looked behind him. There was nobody near. He twisted back savagely to face the forewoman.

"What do you mean?" he snarled.

"I've got an exact list of all the scrap you and Kargowitz weighed up this morning," Jane replied unblinkingly. "I just compared it with the shipping record." She unfolded the paper in her hand and read from it: "Barrels 19, 54, 57, and 81 were copper; they weighed 1476 pounds. Barrels 28 and 63 were German silver; they weighed 709 pounds. Barrel 77 was brass; it weighed 381 pounds. But they all seven are on the shipping record as steel!"

Galland made a swift lunge and snatched the paper from the forewoman's grasp. His powerful fingers clutched her wrists and held her helpless. Jane, however, did not cry out. He hurt her, but she laughed at him. The man was beside himself.

"Let go my hands, you fool!" Jane demanded in a voice pitched low. "You haven't heard all I've got to say yet. Do you want me to scream it to everybody? If I meant to do that, I wouldn't have brought you up here alone, would I?"

His eyes searched hers. He read something in the self-possessed young woman's look of contempt that lessened his fears a little. He loosed his grip and sagged in his chair like a bundle of old clothes.

"Go ahead!" he choked out.

"You listen, then!" she warned. "If you make another strong-arm play like that, I'll yell."

Galland looked toward the closed door at the other end of the long, empty room. He reverted to Jane hopefully. "What do you want?" he asked her. She perceived that he anticipated blackmail.

"I'll tell you when I come to that," she retorted brusquely. "First, I want to prove to you that I know exactly what I am talking about. That list you grabbed isn't the original. I'm not such a fool as to take long chances with a valuable paper of that sort. It's put away in a safe place. I watched you and Kargowitz all the morning, Galland. I was hiding on the top shelf right across the aisle from the scrap-bins. I wrote down the weight and number of *every* barrel, and *just what was in it*. Then I compared my figures with the shipping-clerk's.

"You had a mighty slick scheme, Galland. Just as soon as a barrel was weighed, you ordered one of the boys to nail burlap over the top, so nobody could tell what was in it. You entered the seven barrels on that list in the wrong column. Instead of adding them up with copper and German silver and brass, where they belonged, you marked them in with the scrap steel. Kargowitz pays the company thirty cents a *hundred* for that, and twelve or fifteen cents a *pound* for the other metals. He can afford to buy forty-two barrels of absolutely worthless steel punchings at about a dollar to a dollar and a quarter a barrel. You fix it so that he gets over twenty-five hundred pounds of copper and German silver and brass at the same price. There's about three hundred dollars clear velvet for you and him to split."

GALLAND watched her lips as if he were hypnotized.

"You don't take a chance," Jane proceeded. "You rush the packers so fast they can't keep track of what they're doing. You select the busiest part of the morning for the shipping-clerk to load the car, which has to go at eleven o'clock. You know he'll only check the weights and the numbers of the barrels—he'll never rip the burlap to make sure of what's inside. You're *honest*, of course. You've made a great reputation around here, catching thieves. You make it count in great shape when you steal yourself. When the car is all loaded, you and Kargowitz go down and compare weights with the shipping-clerk. One look at his list tells you he hasn't looked under the burlap, but has just checked the numbers and the figures painted on the staves. You tally up with him, and everything comes out straight. You're so bold about it all that nobody smells a rat."

"You're a devil!" gasped the superintendent. The cry was about equally compounded of anticipation and of amazement at the shrewdness of the forewoman. "How much do you want to keep still?" Again he looked about warily. "Quick! Somebody might come!"

Jane's mobile mouth twisted into a sneer. "You think you'd better buy me off now, do you?"

"I'll split fifty-fifty with you!" Galland offered, in a panic. "I'll give you *all* my share this time, Jane."

She leaned toward him and hissed venomously in his face:

"How nice! What about a rake-off to your new partner on the months before? You and Kargowitz must have split a couple of thousand dollars since you started last fall."

"Not so much as that!" the man cried. "Not half so much. This was the biggest amount we ever took at once."

"You lie!" the forewoman accused bluntly. "You bought an automobile with your share."

"I paid part of the price of that from my salary," Galland mumbled. His eyes shifted from the direct glare of crimination.

"You'd better tell me the truth," Jane warned. "You can't hold out a dollar on me. Nobody except me knows about all this. I've been doing a little private detective work. If you want me to keep my mouth shut, you've got to show me the figures in black and white."

The superintendent stared at her fixedly. "Are you going to play square with me?" he blurted.

Her look at him was steady and straight. "Galland, you've got to leave that to me."

Still he hesitated. After half a minute he slowly pulled a little note-book from his pocket. He opened it and pointed to a column of figures, but he gripped the book tightly.

"There's what I got," he declared. "I'll pay you half. Only, you've got to wait for the money. I'm broke now."

Jane mentally added the figures and jotted the total on her desk-pad. "I guess you're telling me the truth this time," she said. "Now I'll give you my terms. First, you write out your resignation as superintendent, to take effect at once. Second, you leave your automobile in the garage out back and skip. Third, take the interurban to Grand Rapids and tell Kargowitz, unless he wants to be arrested before night, to send a check in the Ajax Electric Company to pay back every dollar he stole."

"Wha—what?" Galland stuttered, aghast.

"You dirty thief!" Jane spit at him. "I had to get you to confess how much you grafted. Now I know."

"You're going to tell?" he gasped.

She nodded emphatically.

Then, in desperation, Galland defied her.

"Squeal, then! I'll deny it. So will Kargowitz. It's your word against ours. The car is half unloaded in Kargowitz's yard by now, and the stuff's mixed with other junk. Maybe you can get old Barker to fire me; but I'll fight you every inch of the way and take my chances. I'll tell the boss you're trying to get my job for that fellow of yours, Stekatos. You can't prove anything!"

"Can't I?" Jane drawled sarcastically. "I guess you forgot that in our shop-order system all the scrap that comes up from the machines is put down on the manufacturing cost cards." The forewoman reached into a drawer of her desk and brought out a thick packet of tabulations. "I've been laying for you a long while. These are the scrap figures on all the shop orders completed this month. Of course, it would have been easy at any time before to check up the actual scrap turned back from the shop with the junk sales of the month; but it wasn't anybody's particular work to do it, and there was a hole in the system. You knew it, of course, and thought you were safe. You'll notice that these totals are within a few pounds of the *right* figures on to-day's list of scrap copper, German silver, and brass. Your list is twenty-five hundred pounds *under* on those items and the same amount over on steel. It will be just as easy to go back and check up other months. You're caught, Galland."

THE superintendent saw that he was trapped; nevertheless he fought desperately:

"You think I'm jackass enough to resign and make Kargowitz come across without your promising me anything?" he snarled.

"Yes," Jane responded confidently. "But, on second thought, I'll promise you something. I caught you on my own hook. Probably I ought to send you to jail. But I went through the penitentiary once, and I haven't quite got the heart to put even a cur like you in that hole. Nobody knows what you did, or how, except me. I'm going to take the responsibility of keeping still. You resign and skip quick. The automobile is about all you've got left anyway, besides the month's pay due you to-day, which you won't draw before you leave. I shan't even ask you to bother about seeing Kargowitz. Just hand me that little memorandum-book. I'll find a way to make him contribute to the conscience fund." She pushed a pad of paper toward Galland. "You write your resignation now; you'll just have time to catch the one o'clock interurban if you hurry."

The cornered crook tremblingly passed over his memorandum-book. He picked up a pen. But, before he started to write, Jane spoke again:

"You gave me a good idea a minute ago. That's really why I'm letting you off so easy. Just put down what I tell you to."

Then the forewoman dictated, while her sewed amanuensis wrote:

"Mr. HENRY BARKER,
President Ajax Electric Company,
Kenosson, Michigan.

"I hereby resign as superintendent, as I am called out of the city immediately on important personal business. I recommend Mr. Joseph Stekatos as a good man for the job."

Jane smiled. "Now sign it," she commanded. "Much obliged. Good-by, Mr. Galland!"

"'Let go my hands—you haven't heard all I've got to say yet. Do you want me to scream it to everybody?'"

Old Henry Winters, at seventy-five, prides himself on his light culinary touch. "We're glad to have any lady visitors," he declares, and hastens to add "—once in a while."

"Enough to eat, a place to sleep, a good pipe, peace, quiet—that's life," says Al Geffken. "Suits me."

They point out that twenty men can live, be comfortable and enjoy life, on an island without women.

"Don't talk to me about housework as if it was really work," says John Schmeelk. "We boys consider housework as nothin' at all."

For Women Only

PERHAPS you remember, ladies, that quaint old ballad which ran:

Robinson Crusoe lived alone;
He had no wife to call his own—
No one to say when he came home,
"Robinson Crusoe, why did you do so?"

You have doubtless had a fleeting sense of sorrow for poor Robinson. You may perhaps have wondered whether his story was really true—whether any man, deprived of the society of women for a period of ten years or more, would not die of utter loneliness.

If you have had any such thought as that,—if, in a rash moment, you have considered your sex quite indispensable to the welfare and comfort of man,—then learn of Ruffle Bar. For on Ruffle Bar live a score of bewhiskered old gentlemen who manage to cook, wash, sew, and enjoy the other privileges and delights of a normal human existence, all by themselves. There is not a single woman on Ruffle Bar.

We will now disclose the exact location of Ruffle Bar. It lies off Canarsie, Long Island, a sedgy and sandy piece of land about a mile and a half long and a mile wide. Following these directions, you may easily arrive there. But if any lady reading this contemplates a trip to the Bar with serious intentions, a word of warning now: Such a trip will be useless.

These men are not woman-haters. Some of them, in fact, have passed through marriage on their way to their present celibate state. But no one of them will ever marry again. Stay at home, fair reader, and save carfare. The inhabitants of Ruffle Bar, like Montaigne, "would not of Ruffle Bar, like Montaigne, "would not marry again even Wisdom herself." They marry again even Wisdom herself." They live alone on their island, and are content.

There are other places in the world with more modern conveniences than Ruffle Bar. It is innocent of stores, electric lights, telephones, or gas. There is not even a water supply; all the water is ferried over in casks from the mainland.

The story goes that, more than a hundred years ago, Adam Carman, an old oyster-man, became fascinated by the little isle, packed up, and squatted on it. To-day his grandson, Hiram Morrison, remains to confirm the tale.

"Sure you heard right," says Hiram, looking up from the stunned old sweater that he is mending. "My grandfather settled the place, as you might say. I've lived here all my life, digging oysters and clams, and hearing the sea songs."

Down the beach a bit, in one of the neatly kept cottages, sits Al Geffken at his table, spreading generous layers of butter on thick slices of bread.

"Breakfast?"

"Heavens, no," answers Al. "This is lunch. Been up since four o'clock, and a man gits pretty hungry about nine. Sunday's my house-cleanin' day, and I like to get at it bright and early.

"I've lived alone here many years now—ever since my wife died. I've got used to potterin' about, and I can't see why women make so much fuss about keepin' house. It's all a matter of system. If you run on a system, there's no worrin' about anything, no naggin'."

"Do we find it hard keepin' house?" said old John Schmeelk, whom we surprised in the midst of his week's washing. Pshaw! Don't talk to me about housework as if it was really work. You just get out there with an oyster rake on a good snappin' day and you'll soon learn what we mean by work."

They haven't any ill feeling toward the lovelier sex—not at all. "We're glad to have lady visitors," as old Henry Winters said, "—once in a while." But they just don't see where women fit in as necessities in the general make-up of their world. Enough to eat, a place to sleep, a few dollars put by for old age, a good pipe, a warm fire in winter, trees and breeze in summer, peace, quiet, good will for your neighbors—that's life in Ruffle Bar. "Suits me," says Al Geffken, "and suits the other boys as well."

No, they haven't any ill will toward the ladies. They simply point out that twenty men can live, be comfortable and happy and enjoy life, on an island without women. And they ask to be shown any island where twenty women live, are comfortable and happy and at peace—without men?

And what do the ladies say to that?

The Courage of Bernhardt

"I'M tired of reading about Bernhardt," said a friend—"tired of being told forever about her eternal youth and her art!"

But, with all that has been told of Bernhardt, one thing remains untold. When I think of Bernhardt, it is not her radiance nor her art that I remember. It is the fact that, among all the women whom I know, she alone seems to be absolutely devoid of fear. There is something still to be said about the courage of Bernhardt.

Some years ago, when Marcus Mayer, the veteran manager, was conducting her on a tour of Mexico and South America, the ship that carried the company ran aground in the Straits of Magellan. It was a perilous time. Before them the jutting rocks, lashed with foam, stood like great angry jaws, ready to lock the vessel up.

Through all the excitement, while the boats were being made ready and men were running frenziedly about, Sarah Bernhardt stood calmly in the bow, her favorite great cloak flapping about her, gazing out at the rocks ahead.

"Suddenly a German vessel hove in sight," recalls Mr. Mayer. The captain, standing near the great actress, prepared to signal for aid. Bernhardt rushed to him, dramatically extended her hands, and cried: 'Non, non! Let us wait for a better fate. Let us not ask aid of our enemies.'

"The captain did not signal. Soon a Dutch ship approached. The great actress's face was irradiated with joy. She is of Holland extraction, you know—she was born of a Dutch mother. She was glad to accept Dutch assistance; but the assistance of her country's enemies—never. I have recalled that as a splendid fully characteristic of her," says Mr. Mayer. "She would have gone to her death rather than accept the aid of a hereditary foe."

I remember a day's journey about Niagara Falls, a pleasure expedition for which she chartered a car for her company.

"Many persons come here to die," I said to her as we looked out on the silvery, foam-veiled horseshoe of waters.

There was no speculation on her part as to the motive that brought them there. Instead her greenish-gray eyes widened as she looked back at the volume of falling water.

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"I can understand that," she rejoined in her habitual quick, direct, yet smiling manner. "It is their sense of the majesty of death that brings them here. There is nothing in life so final and majestic as death. They would frame the end of their lives in a fitting manner. They are right. It is a beautiful death."

It was superb courage that led her to the operating table rather than await the slower cure of six months of idleness, and that caused her to say, as successively she embraced her son, her grandchild, and her great-grandchild, before the operation:

"My legs have walked the boards for more than fifty years. Nevertheless I shall be happier for the loss of one of them. The operation will certainly be successful."

Indifference to danger manifested itself early in her life—when, in fact, she was but nine years old. At that age she adopted her life motto: *Quand même* (In spite of all). An older cousin had dared her to jump. She tried and failed. A bruised face and a broken wrist were the marks of her failure. While they were carrying her home, she cried out impatiently to those who said, as they say to one who has tried and failed, "But you should not have done it":

"Yes? I would do it again, *quand même*, if anybody dared me."

A secret of Bernhardt's heroism is her profound belief that she was destined to live long. She believes that all who are brave, and who order their lives well, will live to the age of one hundred. Another secret is that she thinks it is the mark of the little soul to utter a complaint.

There are a hundred other anecdotes about her: the story of the Quebec mob that hurled its stones at her, while she stood smiling, spreading out her arms to protect her associates; the story of the doctor who attempted to deaden her pain with morphine and had the vial thrown at his head for his trouble—each is but another bit of testimony to the great fact of her courage. She has lived true to her battle cry:

"I have fought with time and proved myself stronger. I have met illness and subdued it. I have driven death back like an invading army. These things I have done because I have willed them. '*Quand même.*'"

Behind the Bolted Door?

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

Illustration by Henry Raleigh

"I could see at once that she was an unhappy woman."

"ALL I want is to tell you everything. I feel equal to it now. And I feel it's the very least that I can do."

It was Glasbury speaking. He was half sitting, half lying, on the big brown leather couch in Dr. Lanehan's library. About him were the Doctor, Judge Bishop, D. Hope and Willings, Jimmy, and Inspector McGloyne, and in the room below was another, in handcuffs, waiting to be brought up to tell his part of the story.

"My only comfort is knowing that I am in no way responsible for the death of Mrs. Fisher. How heavily that of Hooley must rest on me you will judge when I have finished. I have been such a moral coward as I did not believe existed in this world. I know, and Dr. Lanehan knows, that a little more and my reason would have broken down. Yet, so far from having any knowledge of Mrs. Fisher's murderer, my own relationship to her was solely that of a man who tried to help her, and who for weeks had been working by her side. We had been writing a play."

"Oh!" cried D. Hope, "was that it?"

"Yes, that was it. I remember you, Miss Hope. You came upon us one evening at the Casa Grande entrance. And, following her first impulse, Mrs. Fisher hurried back to beg you, I think, to say nothing about it till you, and every one, would understand."

"She did—she did!" the girl continued. "I didn't know then who you were, and she didn't tell me. She only said—and her eyes were shining so!—that I would understand sometime—when she was famous. I promised, and that was what I kept from Dr. Lanehan."

"WE were writing a play together," Glasbury went on. "I met her first nearly a year ago at an Arts and Letters dinner. I could see at once that she was an unhappy woman. She had just begun to find herself. And she had been trying to find happiness in the usual things—old furniture, rare jewelry,—the same pearls, for example, that we've heard so much about,—and some settlement-house work, Miss Hope. That meant a lot to her. But she had never found any real expression for herself. She asked me whether I thought she could ever write a play. There were so many things she wanted to say, she said; and she felt, somehow, that she could say them in a play. And in the end she asked me if I would help her.

"In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases in the thousand, of course, I should have made the usual polite evasion. But even by then I had begun to see that she was big. And very soon I was proposing that we work out something together.

"It was only then, I think, that she realized what one of her real difficulties was going to be. Judge Bishop, you know her private affairs; and from the first you've known Fisher. Well, I must say now the thing that he must answer later. With a man like that spying upon her, it was simply impossible that she should act normally and openly.

"I suggested, naturally, that she come to my office to work; but I soon found that out of the question. I went twice to her apartment; and on the second occasion the rotter insulted us there. I took it for granted, myself, that that ended everything. But her very pride and anger apparently made her determined that, come what might, it should not end it. What we had planned should be done in some way. And the way was found.

"We had already discovered that our apartments adjoined, with only a thin, soft-tile partition between. It was just at the time the Electric Protection workman, 'Throsty,' was putting in her wall safe, and I think it was the work he was doing that gave her the idea. One day, at any rate, just as I was leaving for Chicago to put on 'The Butterfly,' she asked me suddenly—and I can see her face burn yet—if, in case it could be managed, I should care to dare it. I didn't believe, myself, it could be done. If I had, for her own protection I shouldn't have let her. But it was only our little writing-rooms that adjoined; they could be cut off on both sides from everything else. When I came back the door was there."

"Door!" McGloyne almost shouted it.

"Yes," said Lanehan; "there's a door there, though it isn't visible from the Fisher side. But, Glasbury, I'll ask you to leave the details till later. The door was there, and in one of those little writing-rooms you went on with your play."

"Yes; generally in Mrs. Fisher's. And, when she had closed the door of her library next adjoining it, we worked in a room that was substantially sound-proof."

"But it wasn't! It wasn't!" Jimmy broke in. "I 'eard you! An' so did Maddalina. Doctor, that was the voices I 'eard. We 'eard it, though we never 'eard Mrs. Fisher's. And, when never did h'any gentleman come out,—as none had h'ever gone in,—there were times when it fair made my 'air raise!"

"I suppose it would." Even Glasbury smiled a little, though very wanly. "Well, at any rate, Fisher never heard it. She had to protect herself from him, and she did it. He was practically always out in the afternoons between four and six, and it was in those hours that we worked. It was a bit difficult at first, and a shame-faced business for a time; but it wasn't long before we found ourselves able to joke about it. The play had begun to build itself up. I don't think any one could ever have learned faster than Mrs. Fisher did; her ideas came faster than I could put them down. I used the pen, and sometimes she would dictate a whole long speech at once."

"But you both came with memoranda!" asked Lanehan.

"Why, yes. How did you know that?"

"Because I have one of them. But go on."

Glasbury took a sip of water.

"Every day, when we had finished, we used to put everything we'd written into that,"—he pointed to a big suit-leather secretary case on a side table; "and we'd look it in her desk. But I can leave that till later, too. I might as well come at once to the day of the murder.

"I believe, now, that I had a feeling of evil, of something impending, from the first. That may have been because, for the first time, she was not there waiting for me. I was late myself, and everything was already growing dark. Yet the secretary case lay on her open desk. And when I had waited for another half hour, I resolved to learn what the matter was for myself.

"I ENTERED the library first. There was no one there. I did not know the arrangement of the apartment; I had never before been beyond the little writing-room. Yet I felt that she was there, even if she did not speak. And, as I went from room to room, even at the risk of bringing in the servants, I had to knock."

"Yes," exclaimed Jimmy—"yes. That was the first time! An' I 'ated that."

"I went on, knocking, from room to room, till I came to the pool. And, gentlemen, by the time I had reached it I knew what I would find inside." He lifted opened and closed. He sipped again from the glass, and continued:

"But I did not find her as she was afterward found."

"No!" cried Jimmy. "She was in 'er bath-robe. She'd just stepped into the pool, an' she'd fallen back again over the brim. I was in there just before you, sir. And oh, sir, was it you that rang, an' that moved 'er body?"

"It was, Dr. Lanehan, I have reasoned it enough to know death without any test of heart-beat or watch-crystal. And when first I ran to raise her I knew she had been dead for probably half an hour."

"Yes," said the Doctor, "and when she fell, she struck the side of her head against one of the faucets. It was that which caused the rounded hole in her temple. There's a deck of blood on the faucet-pipe."

"It was *that* that killed her?" demanded Glasbury.

"Oh, no, not at all."

"But, in heaven's name!" cried Bishop. "Then where does your murder come in?"

"It comes in all right. She was murdered, and most deliberately murdered. But let Glasbury finish first."

"I took it for granted," the young playwright continued, "that she had been murdered. I carried her to the sun-couch, and went through the forms of trying to revive her. It was then, in the midst of the horror, that I first came to realize what my own position would be if I were found there—and the connection were found between our rooms. Believe me, I—oh, believe me!—I wasn't thinking only

Continued on page 13

You Know That Old Saying About Ministers' Sons

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"FATHER," said Otis Skinner to the Rev. Charles A. Skinner, "I want to be an actor." He said it hoping his father would sternly refuse and so give him a chance to run away and go on the stage. Instead his father consented. Ministers' sons make good actors: they're trained to go a long time without food.

IT'S a long way from singing in the church choir to writing musical comedy; but Reginald de Koven made it in three jumps: first jump, Oxford; second jump, Paris; third jump, Broadway. He and his collaborator wanted to sell "Robin Hood" outright for $2500, but the producers wouldn't take such a long chance and forced a percentage contract on them. It brought them in $200,000.

HENRY VAN DYKE is not sure whether it was his father's example that made a minister of him, or his own admiration for the Apostles, who were all good fishermen. He's all kinds of a minister—formerly minister of the Brick Church on Fifth Avenue and now Minister to Holland. He is the author of many poems, of which the best known is:

"Cares shall be forgotten,
All our sorrows flung away,
While we are marching through Princeton."

THE Rev. A. C. Jeffries was just the sort of minister to have a heavy-weight champion son. He had preached all around the world, and done everything from baptizing mouijks to daring cannibals to eat him. When Billy Sunday quit baseball he went into preaching; Jeffries, sad to relate, when he quit prize-fighting opened a saloon. Billy got $25,000 for six weeks' work in Philadelphia; Jeffries' saloon doesn't do quite so well.

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THE gunmen, thinking they had only a minister's son to deal with, did Rosenthal to death. But the minister's son, instead of turning the other cheek or anything of that sort, rounded them all up, and they finished their careers in Sing Sing a few months ago. For which the people of New York made the minister's son, Charles S. Whitman, their Governor. Will he be President? Shh—he's never thought of such a thing.

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"BLESSED are the poor" may be all right for ministers, but Daniel G. Reid doesn't see any reason why it should apply to the second generation. He has made his success to Wall Street through his ability to get other people to put up money. On one afternoon, during the organization of the Tin Plate Trust, he collected more subscriptions than his father was ever able to lure to the collection plate in a lifetime of preaching.

Copyright by Moffett

IT'S fashionable now to extol the virtues of the home and the old-fashioned mother. Every actress who gives an interview to the newspapers gets off something of that kind. But here's a minister's son—pardon us, a minister's daughter—to whom that sort of thing is more than mere talk. She is Marie Louise Homer, and she has five reasons for believing in the old-fashioned home. Some day we'll print their pictures; they're good-looking youngsters.

Would You Do This f

THE freckled thing in the corner of the shelf is not a rug; it's a real live puma. The heroine found, when the villain locked her in the old log cabin, that there were two pumas, or puma-es, or whatever you may call them, already there. But, just in the nick of time, the hero arrives. Incidentally, if he lets the gun go off and shoots that puma, he'll lose his job. ("The Jungle Queen," Universal Film Company.)

THIS young lady isn't cutting a wisdom tooth. The Indians outnumber the hero two to one; but, as he is Douglas Fairbanks, it is safe to assume that all will yet be well. ("The Lamb," Triangle Plays.)

ALL heroes, in addition to having long, curling eyelashes, should be able to skin the cat, turn a cart-wheel, and do other useful tricks. This heroine had been immured within a damp, mossy house for days. The hero rescued her by swinging upside down from the house next door and catching her when she jumped. ("The Broken Coin," Universal Film Company.)

THE swarthy fellow who looks like a pirate had carried off the heroine on his yacht. When she discovered where she was, she promptly jumped overboard. Her captor was about to jump after her, when he was delayed thus by the hero. The dark speck in the lower left-hand corner is the heroine treading water and watching the struggle. ("The Diamond from the Sky," American Film Company.)

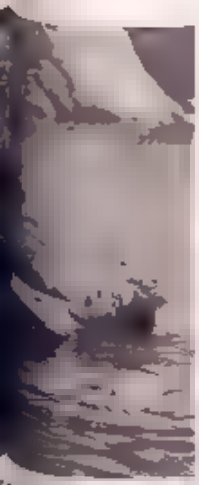
THE hero is [illegible] primitive age [illegible] love-making [illegible] for a hero to [illegible] ("The Fair [illegible] Company.)

THIS chap was all wrong with all his friends, and church in a very conspicuous place to go to. Nevertheless he went, and sat in the front row too. The Reason Why, looking very serious about it, may be seen two rows back at the left. ("The Tools of Providence," Broncho Film Company.)

WOULD you wash dishes for the person you love? As Mr. Ibsen would say, "thousands of women have done it!"—and a picked handful of men.

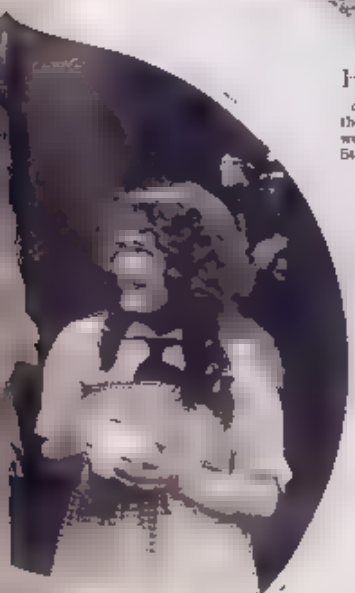
s for the Girl You Love?

WARREN KERRIGAN as Jose of Mary (Ethel Phillips), her pursued and single-handed captured, he murderer Rattlesnake Pete (W. H. Mullen). Then Rattlesnake reveals the fact that the real villain is Dave (Herbert Myers). "The Treasure of El Dorado." Universal Film Company.



...ing the ...llain through a ...ure. Fashions change in ...; it is always good form ...ally red-headed villain- ...ished. Universal Film

HERE is an outlaw mad for a lift to a cart, for a change. But it does him little good, for his consciousness of the blond carrier is making him voluntarily give up the girl of his heart (Helen Leslie). This is much harder work than walloping a few burly villains. ("Son of the Stars," Universal Film Company.



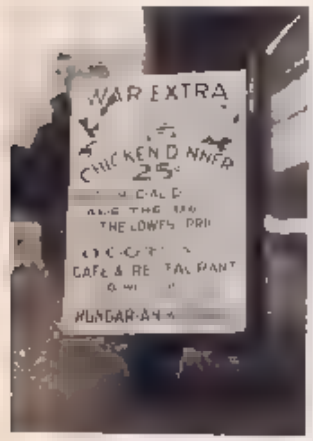
This is Frank Bur- ...eage and Margaret Gibson showing how house- work may be made easy ("His Mother's Portrait." Kay-Bee Film Company.

LEFTY was only a mountain elf, but he here, there, thrown, ...ejected, swollen streams, ran down slens of counter- feiters, and finally res- cued Sonny in a hand- to-hand fight. Pretty good work for any chap ... Sonny of Stark Nest." Columbia-Metro Film Company.)

UNFORTU- NATELY the picture doesn't show the Oriental eyes that drew the American hero (Francis Bushman) past the scimitars of her father's guards and over the high wall of the Turkish beauty a garden. Perhaps he would look less cheerful if he knew about the capacious vats of oil kept boiling for trespassers up the next courtyard. ("The Slim Princess." V-L-S-E, Inc.)

OWING to the dearth of galants in recruiting parties and so on, the 1915 hero is driven to great straits to prove his love. Marching in suffrage parades and making speeches in the cause are proofs of devotion very much the thing this season. ("The Man from Oregon." New York Motion Picture Company.

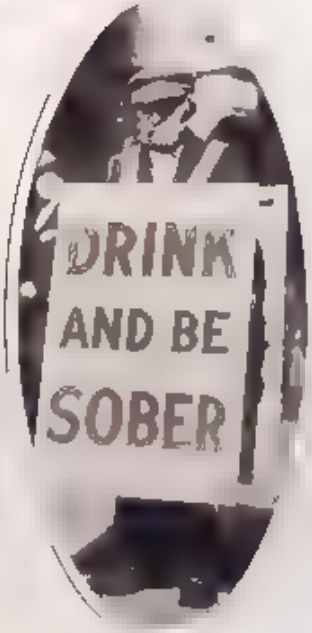
Sandwiches

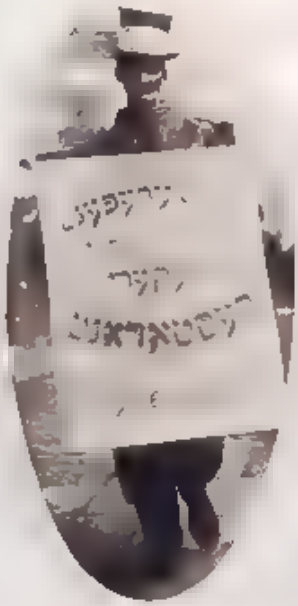


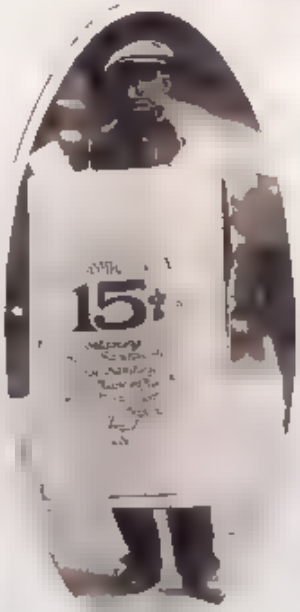
THE human sandwich—the poor fellow who for fifty cents or a dollar a day is willing to make a sight board of himself—have you ever stopped to wonder what sort of person it is who is willing to begin on almost bottom of misfortune's ladder and climb still higher on the waste? Behind his chicken dinner sign is a man who seems to have been worth $50,000. Now he can't even earn the fingers he advertises.

SOMETIMES one becomes a sandwich for convenience rather than business. This young man—Willie the motormen and conductors walked out in Philadelphia, all the union sympathizers determined to walk rather than patronize the scab-driven cars. So this little fellow became a sandwich just in hope he might fall in love with the job. He looks as if he had the makings of an alderman at least.

MANY sandwich signs are written in Yiddish and you can see in Yiddish sandwich signs. A beer sign is even written in a white p[illegible] handle: [illegible] and [illegible] a sign [illegible] that [illegible] Wet [illegible] drink [illegible] shop [illegible] and give [illegible] for [illegible] the [illegible]

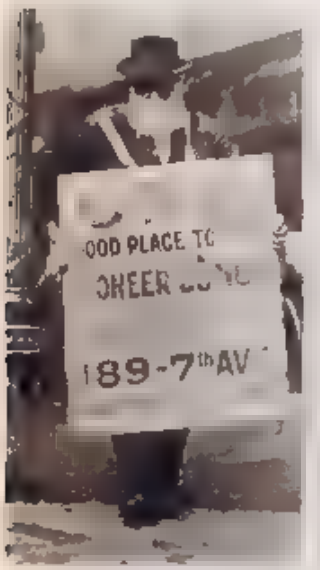






THE girl who wrote that saying "Sign at touch liquor shall never touch mine" vowed never her chance ever kissing this champion touched his lips but she done that when a crushed his lips and has been touching all ever since. Think the pathetic irony of having to carry a sign day advising people be sober in order get money enough to drink at night

ONE thing must be said in favor of the prevalence of the sandwich: it's a healthful [illegible] keeps you out in the air and exercises all the muscles except the brain. Remember these [illegible] you want to [illegible] you can be a sandwich. Even the most says that nothing [illegible] you so good an appetite as carrying a chicken dinner sign all day.



HERE without doubt is the human hive. Can you imagine any degradation more complete than carrying a sign all day long, jeered at by the world. Do you see an idiot and a drunkard? Compare these fellows, the one with the dollar baseballs or the pork has a dignity or decency. If fifty cents is enough to get these fellows to carry such signs how much would they want to carry a real sign?

WHAT do you suppose he thought about when he came to New York sixty years ago? He was fourteen then he had run away from the little town he'd been born in. Was a store [illegible] and all the chances are in the big cities. He had dreams of those days. What happened? Bad habits. Misfortune. A wicked partner? A nagging wife. Did he jump or was he pushed

Behind the Bolted Door?

Continued from page 5

of myself. I was thinking of her. I told myself it was necessary to protect her reputation as I would have in life. And how could I die—save by getting away as once and leaving no possible trace? It was easy to do, too. Everything we had written was in the secretary case. I had only to pu[sh] up as I ran through. And a moment later I was back in my own room, with the door between fast closed. I found that I was still carrying in one of her handkerchiefs a large wad of blood. As I'll bet you I remember it later. In the meantime, I had become a coward.

"I knew I ought to telephone a physician, yet I did not dare telephone from my own rooms. But, as soon as I could get back any kind of command over myself, I hurried out and around the corner to Stryker's.

"I asked for [Dr.] Well, once back in my own rooms again I soon found what was really be[ing] talked of me. For those two precious hours—two hours which did he rest with me waiting for two there!

"I've got one of them downstairs," said McGloyne. "An' he's talkin' a-plenty now! But let's hear your part first."

"HERE'S part of it that I can only guess at. I'll never know how those two knew about the door. I suppose they heard of the way safe and the pearls through Maddalina. One of th[em] Italian, you know. And he was the bes[t] to be the professional [cri]minal safe-breaker. But, in minute I stepped inside my door both of them jumped at me. They kept their [fa]ces at my head and shoved me through to my own room—and then they demanded the key to the door between. I've wished often enough since that I'd let them kill me then, but even that wouldn't have helped much. The mischief had been done. They knew the way in, all the American stayed and covered me, the other went on through.

"And here again, I can tell only a part of it. The devil that went in must have gone straight to the wall safe. And then something must have disturbed him.

"You, Willings, most likely," said the Doctor.

"No; you and he Doctor," Willings answered. "You remember leaving just when Mr. Glash[ford] knocking came—or his first knock. You did knock a second time?"

"Oh, yes, yes! I say, would have disturbed he least. So he came to my rooms for a minute, listened [at] and then, when he thought the coast was clear, he went in again. But he went right through to the swing[door] could

to the corridor trying to get in at that minute."

"We heard him turning the bolts," said [Mc]Gloyne.

turned inside. But you say it was you who, immediately afterward, knocked again. Why did you do that?" asked Glasbury. "Doctor," "do you think you could get me a little brandy?" And only after he had taken some did he [an]swer.

"I doubt if could really put you intelligibly. I scarcely understand that part of it myself. I only know that when that Italian bound came back. I could see a moment that he believed I had murder[ed] or. And I know they felt their power completely [gone]. At else could they think? There, [on] my very desk, was that bloody murderer's [kn]ife. The Italian picked it up and [sh]outed it on my face! "Sara Vero!" he kept crying. And boy told me they'd the book or talk more about it later on. I know what they meant—blackmail.

"I think, for the minutes immediately after they had left me, was temporarily insane. I know I had some crazy idea of making amends, of making my peace, or something like that. I wanted to be found standing by the body. I felt already that I was the murderer I would be taken to. I was ready to believe, at any rate, that it was through my rooms the murderer had got in. I wanted to approach her again. I ask her pardon. And yet, I found myself halting at every door, and knocking as if to ask permission. I believe I cried out also to the Creator who alone could know.

"Yes," said the Judge; "we heard you. It was what set us to making every effort to break in."

"And it was the sound of you here trying to break in," Glasbury answered, "that drove me out again. When the last came, I could not wait and face. I dipped back like a dog to my own rooms; and that night I slept at the St. Blaize.

"It did me little good. The newspapers said that the safe had not been looted. Accordingly those two fiends believed that they had only to come back again, to make their haul. And I believe they actually came dark wise."

"They did, by gad!" swore McG[loyne].

"They did. But, Mr. Glasbury, you came back again yourself?"

"Though I could hardly say so of my own kn[owledge]. Remembering it now in the dream or nightmare. It was clearly. It was after Mrs. I could not to the

I took a rose from [the] to nerve myself to put the horrible back in her room. took a back that night I had the rose beside it as a sort of offering. Those are not one of a same man? Well, I have at I was not sane. But I [am] in now of the secretary case."

"Secretary case?" asked Mel layn[e].

Glasbury pointed to it again. "The portfolio we kept our play in. It was more so no explosion could attach to me for keeping it; but I felt that I must get rid of the play. It was every line of it in my writing; what unscrupulous she brought to it day by day she destroyed afterward. But it seemed to me that every line of it spoke with her mouth and denounced me. And late one night I went to my offices in the Savoy and tore it up. I could not burn it—there was no way; but I tore it into pieces so small that I knew there would never be any betrayal.

"And there was not," said Lanehan[e]. "But next morning your waste-basket was in my rooms; and a few hours later we had the fragments of that blood-smeared blackmail note."

"I know, I know. But there is more as well of that portfolio. When I opened it I found in it more than the manuscript of a play. Gentlemen, I swear that Mrs. Fisher [did] have been in the fear of death."

"Leave that, leave that," said Lanehan[e]. "Simply tell us what you found."

"I found a will. She had written it herself, that morning, and had had it wit[nessed]

"Yes, sir," cried Ji[mmy]. "An' that she-devil, Mrs. Glasbury put his hand in fire! 'I have a hare.'"

"Exactly," said the Doctor. "Bishop, shall we leave it til' later, too?"

BUT the Judge was sure [not]. Next moment he [was] to Willings and D. Lope. "[Do] you two youngsters any idea of what there was to do in this?"

"Oh, no, no, indeed. [Most] the Dullest thing. But if it's any help to [you]."

"There's a great deal for the settlement[s]

though it requires [a] she's made it perfectly legal. Ah-h!" And again his eyes turn to the two "youngsters." you had better call poor woman would seem to have provided for your personal welfare as well."

I was McGloyne who, five minutes later, brought them back to the question of the making of that will. "I why should she have made it at all?" he demanded. "That's the question to be settled now!"

"It is," said Glasbury. "It was! It wasn't by chance she made that will. I realize more and more, from things she said.

"You're quite right," said the Judge. "Lanehan[e] do I call them as now? God

"Better not. It'll come out soon enough, Glasbury, if we'll finish your story now; we'll hear the rest below."

So Glasbury finished.

"There's little more to tell. For the death of Hooley I blame myself as if I had done it myself. There is only this to say. The two devils themselves had not really that last night they believ[ed] are still h[ere] within their reach, that [is] where they were and that free manacles at the little safe might turn the trick. It was the Italian who killed Hooley. When the game was up—when they couldn't get the pearls—it was he who had the idea of making me pay instead. And had I been anything but the most miserable coward at the beginning—

"We can gain little from vain regrets," said Lanehan[e]. "McGloyne, shall we have up Hooley?"

"Right away."

THE Inspector called down from the landing. Next moment Hooley, the jewel thief who had been ready to tell his story, was, with his escort, on the stairs [and] reached the landing. But at the topmost stair he suddenly wheeled. In some way he managed to get one of his hands free. He was a big and powerful man. His bandaged shoulder seemed to trouble him but little. And with one backward thrust he sent the patrolman on his right headlong down. Then he swung one clean and unmarked like a sling, and brought it home across the face of the second p[o]lice man, laying him open from lip to ear. And with a terrible lunge he dove straight for the landing window.

The feat that he had to do every thing with one hand lost him perhaps two seconds. It was little Jimmy who stopped him. He caught him by his foot as he went through, and was dragged after him but he still held on. They went down together in the deep snow of Lanehan[e]'s garden. And there, battered but unspeaking, Jimmy got a better grip on the man. He was still holding on when McGloy[ne] and the others burst in through the gate.

"S'all right, fri[end]s, s'all right." Horsley greeted them. "That's all I was savin' up. No harm done, any more than I've been hurted myself. An' now, if you want, I'll talk till fare-you-well!"

"There's not a whole lot you can tell us," said Lanehan[e].

"But, by-by gee," said McGloyne, "he's [a] "

"In the first place, to go back to the beginning with you," the Doctor asked, when they were back in the room, "what part did Maddalina play in it?"

"A good fat part, considerin' she was a skirt an' all. She went to Mrs. Fisher's only because we'd heard about her drop o' milk. Her and Lotulo—that's my guinea friend—they always been strong pals; so she was put in to make the inside lay. An one thing she learned right away, an' that was that there was a chance for a couple life. She got onto it that Mrs. Fisher was in the habit, the first of every month or so, of havin' one of them big blue envelope full of yel[low] backs waitin' on the premises for [her]

an' for the pearls there didn't seem to be no good reason why we shouldn't have Maddalina make her getaway with the money. Only a matter of time—the job right."

right? But how did you know you could [trust] Glasbury—more?"

Maddalina again. If she was keen enough to find where that little safe was planted, you may bet she wasn't believing any spooks cousin them essex. An' one afternoon Lotulo decided on to up in Glasbury's cupup an see for h[im]self. He seen, all right. How did he get [in]? With a key. An' where did he get it? She, what's a key? Any fix up for a key. The thing I'm tellin' you is that he found out about that door. An after that it was only an argyment as to when. That was for Maddalina

"An' she dipped us wrong he did. But Mrs [Fisher] out that afternoon [on the] phone." Mr Willings," an', as Maddalina got it, the money was to be here for him but she, Mrs. Fisher would be comp'ny. That'd mean that Glasbury wouldn't be there, neither. An' as it was Jimmy a day off on top of it, what m[an] would anybody want for an open door?"

"All right. Come to the day itself. Bu[t] [wh]ere you, an' I'm tellin' I wasn't in that part of [it] to be advisin'. Lotulo, he was th[at] only one of us was ever in them Fisher rooms. It was him went in that day. We'd found signs that Glasbury was at house—and we'd gone in, as it happened just about two minutes after Glasbury'd [left]."

"Yes," said Glasbury. "After I'd found the body and gone out to telephone."

"You know about t[he] fore. What we didn't know was that, from Glasbury was going to choose the same day, on that for croakin' the dame."

"I see," said Lanehan[e]. "And you still believe that Mrs. Fisher was killed by Mr. Glasbury?"

The man stared.

"[Wh]o about that. Go ahead, he rest."

"[Bu]t we was sure of that an once we'd learned from the papers that the jewel box was still wantin' too, we made up our minds to come again, an' keep a-comin'. No reason why [e]ven Glasbury shouldn't have callers every second night. We was both well dressers, as that. So no need for him to be ashamed of us.

"Only, when it got out that it was a spook job, we decided that we'd have to spook it, too. That explains why Lotulo ghosted himself when he went in the night he got Hooley. No use denyin' he did. What [ha]s had time to think, he was ready. Himself. An' what ask, did he have it in with? When again we thought we'd play Mr. Glasbury into it. Since he'd hit Mrs. Fisher with something heavy, a round, smooth hole about an inch across, that was the weapon to use in case another job'd have to be done in there. An to make the weapon, all was needed was to do a little bendin an' hot-forgin' on a pipe end. There you are again. You'll find that little golf-stick up in the dump we [had] in East [Pa]rk. Anything else

INVOLUNTARILY Lanehan[e] away from the fellow. But Judge Bishop was still sta[nd]

"I don't want to know any more about [it] [Lan]ehan[e]," [sa]ys [I] as I understood it, you were going to tell us about that spot?"

"If you care to," the Doctor answered. another hour I'll take you up and let you find it for yourself."

"Good," said McGloyne. "But, Doctor, that sun, what's holdin' me. As I understood it, at the start you were going to have this story told in its right an regular order. If so, how was it you've left out the first thing of all? How did the guy get in that really did the job?"

"I'm having the story told in its regular order," Lanehan replied. "Mrs. Fisher's murderer was never near her only even near the pool until hours after she was dead."

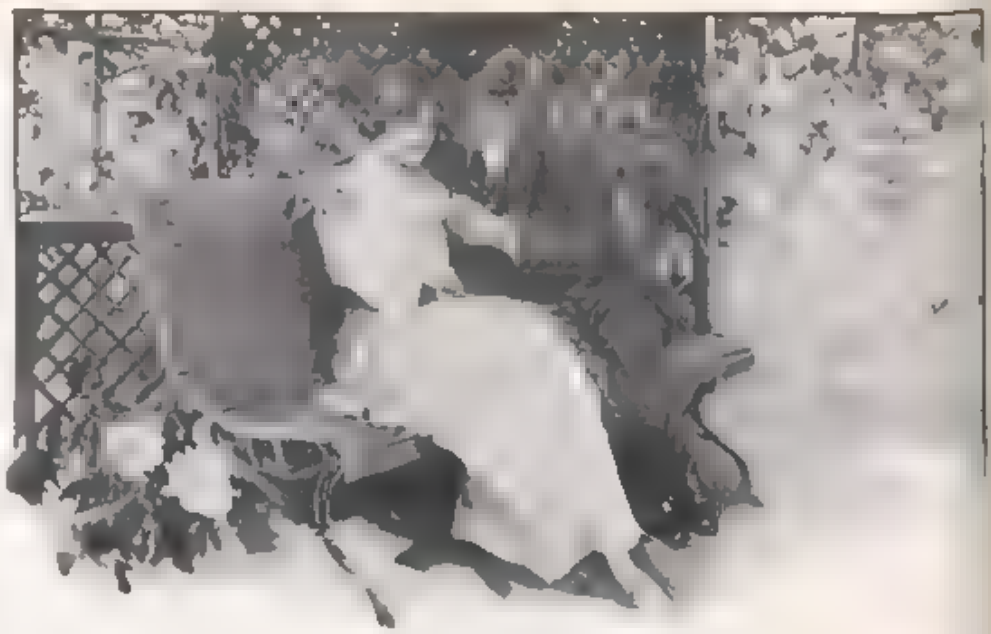
"And I can best begin my explanation of that," the Doctor continued evenly while they pressed about him, "by reminding you just who the murd[erer]

To be concluded next week

Both

By MARIA T. DAVIESS

Illustrations by Robert McCaut



"It's so awful for you to be a preacher with somebody like me! I started late in the day though it was

NINE of [illegible] was my fault. I didn't know William was a theologian. I didn't even know William. I [illegible] innocently and de[illegible] for Daddy.

Hortense was ready for the Adirondacks. Daddy's very eccentric, and he [illegible] William he cravenly sh[illegible] Hortense does; but, then, he is [illegible] of Harpeth University, and he's [illegible] of William, except I think, in one resp[illegible]

"Daddy, who is that lovely man with red hair and such long pink and white arms and legs?" I asked Daddy at breakfast on the day it all happened.

"Pink legs, pink legs—er—let me see," he answered as he swung his mind from some great tragic Greek verb to what he evidently thought was a problem in either [illegible]

"Out on the athletic field." I kindly helped him along. "He ran and ran, and [illegible]

"Hilliken—Billiken!"

"Th[illegible] and indignation, as he set his cup of tea [illegible] by feet and feet, maybe yards, and every- and I wanted to tell him [illegible] around to kiss him.

I didn't want to distress the old dear [illegible] dor had stopped to pull down a branch of [illegible] bave on.

[illegible] a mighty hard [illegible] for a girl to tell a [illegible] And right there is where I began to take William seriously, instead of enjoying him [illegible] I come over to the [illegible] for people scantily clad.

[illegible] adre," I answered with extremely pensive [illegible] William's visit to himself; but William [illegible] flew with him in a wonderful way [illegible] the dean perfectly happy in the library [illegible] him about.

[illegible] room.

"May I?" This request was finished [illegible] clump of trees.

T[illegible] were not mine for long.

[illegible] doubt—late in the day though it was.

[illegible] to conduct sewing circles for me."

"Such a long time—what do you [illegible]

"Don't you know I told you, sweetest, [illegible] for her to run me through, and I must pay [illegible] make things easy for her before I begin [illegible]

It is funny how it doesn't [illegible] me at all to have William talk about his remarks! [illegible] to answer quick so that I wouldn't have [illegible] potatoes and thrashing wheat to make [illegible] and to help him keep his hands clean and [illegible] I pranced I ondroly left William's mother [illegible] on winning all the ball games and preparing his commencement thesis.

[illegible] to congratulate him on being chosen to [illegible] and myself.

"[illegible] hint at that way as a short cut to the parsonage, to keep him from putting me [illegible] of Uncle Morris. He is my mother's [illegible] was so handy, and Daddy has at last [illegible] memory. I decided to go to him and ask [illegible] power it will drop stitches? I forget [illegible] ment of time William and I would [illegible] all like tortures.

UNCLE MORRIS'S plans about [illegible] nothing remained but to check [illegible] that is, we thought we had.

Father's silence [illegible] their minds to be chuckling over [illegible] light with life.

[illegible] talked for about thirty-five minutes [illegible] eat up. It was masterly and moral,

the faculty voted most worthy by all standards of scholarship and manhood. Uncle Morris dearly loves to orate, and he had just got so far when the undergraduate student body rose as one boy and shouted

"Billikens—oh you Billikens!"

While the chapel rocked with one cheer after another I leaned back in my seat and felt so happy and comfortable that things had come out just as I had planned. It had all been so delightfully easy just to enlist Uncle Morris, work the unsuspecting faculty, draw a check that my bank account would never feel, and have William for two glorious years all to myself.

And it was at that satisfied moment that life woke me up.

William was on his feet, and in the finest and simplest way possible to him was declining the honor done him by the vote of the faculty.

"It is great to have had all of you," and first he bowed to Uncle Morris and then waved his hand delightedly at the seething body of undergraduates, "offer it to me, but for home the years I have given a contract with an old white plow mule and a garden hoe out in the Harpeth Valley. Send some other fellow down to the Italian, and pray for August rain and late December frost for my potatoes."

A number of lower class undergraduates, while I sat cold and white, I had forgot that farm mortgage and for other woman who had a claim on William I hated her. A hot rage sent the blood to my cheeks, and I hardly know what was happening until I felt that something wonderful had painted that storming professing house.

THEN I saw her! She was tall and straight and strong and deep-bosomed with the most wonderful head set on her broad shoulders. White curls were flying from under her little old bonnet and a clean, stiff lavender print dress billowed about her in yards and yards of ruffles. She carried a great bunch of lilacs that must have [illegible] and [illegible] the vanguard of midsummer roses presented [illegible] for present a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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The first thing an ambulance doctor learns is [illegible] to hold himself in readiness [illegible] dash off [illegible] your quickness of perception. For instance if it is a bad fire, and the smoke is thick, I say to myself: "Things will be different [illegible] I get ready for them. But if [illegible] I say: "Here comes [illegible] I am [illegible]

If a block up your home or the subway you happen to be standing on for the ambulance for you Tjonsland will be on hand to pick up the pieces and put them together

[illegible] courage and to rebel eyes. And so it goes."

Last January Doctor Tjonsland served as assisting physician at Bellevue. In the first [illegible] a woman had been on such a [illegible] and admitted fifteen patients, most of whom were sent to the alcoholic ward. [illegible] cap of the same style as the men, and a [illegible] or a white skirt. The smallest [illegible] the ambulance has ever [illegible]

[illegible] all is answered unless it is [illegible] has to give his name and [illegible] the experience of the ambulance work [illegible] value as a specially recorded privilege.

She is a most modest person [illegible] word of her work, never a word of her own exploits—only a determined brushing of others into the foreground. [illegible] a page [illegible] and all [illegible]

Tjonsland [illegible] Doctor Tjonsland lives [illegible] Belleview [illegible] and [illegible] rests. But between operations [illegible] lance riding, substitute duty, and calls [illegible] you may figure for yourself [illegible] Tjonsland rests on regular ambulance [illegible] all the months of June

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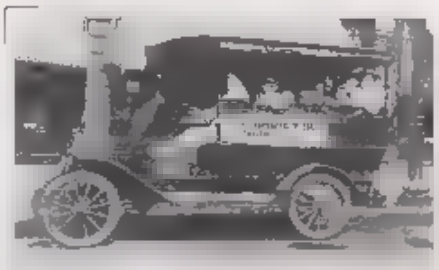
And This One Prefers a Jitney

By WALT MASON

Mrs. Nugent of New Jersey has made the home for lovering animal an issue. Now she has got an ordinance of the State passed to the effect that Mrs. E. O. Cohen must refrain from driving a jitney there after. On the theory that if he doesn't hurry there are different that Mrs. Cohen would not require a short cut.



YOU see her in her jitney bus, in which the male bewhiskered runs as well as he has the price, and if his conduct [illegible]

'Tis Mrs. Cohen runs the same. Since [illegible] husband [illegible] Mr. Man. She also runs an [illegible] children. Who [illegible] her wastrels from [illegible]

From that [illegible] her own and [illegible] Front [illegible] ought on Saturdays, and then she buys a dryer for a yen, while she conducts her antique store, and takes in rupees twice or four.

'Tis Mrs. Cohen's first design [illegible] her patron service fine, and other jitneys smoother far, they say than any rival one.

There's comfort in this jitney cart; the seats are stationed for apart, so there is room between the rips for men a long legs and ladies lambs. Elec ric lights are up the roof to make the darkness keep aloof, and one can read "The Kidnapped [illegible] and Courage makes the wheels go round, and Courage leads the dauntless dame to step right in and win the game.

The Largest and the Smallest

HERE are the largest and the smallest men in the world. The largest specimen of [illegible] and the smallest [illegible] New York. The midget members of the [illegible] are Count and Baron Magri, [illegible] of whom weighs [illegible] and thirty pounds.

The Magris are on a tour with Mrs. Tom Thumb, and this photograph was taken on the occasion of their visit to Poland.

Mr. Magri is [illegible] years of age, is married, and is the father of two girls and two boys. He tips the scales at 472 pounds, and, in his own language, "feels like a boy of 120 pounds."

If you think this impossible, just ask any one from Madison or Chicago who has

He Built the Bright Angel Trail

MR. CAMERON, at the age of sixteen, was given six months to live, and the Territory of Arizona to live them in. "That is," he explains, "I went along in the train until we came to Flagstaff, and the air seemed pretty good, so I got off. Then I met an Indian who said there was some fine country around there, and we started off to look it over. The 'fine country' he spoke of was the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River. I had never heard of it."

"We just took the easiest way and marked it," says Mr. Cameron.

That was in 1881, and the Cañon was practically unknown. Powell had made two expeditions to explore it, and said it was harder than the Alps or the Himalayas to traverse; so no one else had tried.

"The Indian guessed there was a lot of gold in there," continues Mr. Cameron; "so I packed some grub along and went down in, hanging on to the cliffs with my toes and my finger-nails. I stayed at the bottom alone—except for a man who made one trip to bring supplies—from May until September; and I never had a better time.

"Do you know that a man who goes after a pot of gold is always partly crazy while he's doing it? He works and digs feverishly all day long; at night he turns in, tired and discouraged. But his vision gets polished up again in his sleep, and there it is again next morning, shining just as bright as ever before his eyes. And not time nor tide nor love nor hunger nor hardship looms so big or shines so bright!

The Trail that Never Cost a Life

"I NEVER found the gold, you know," Mr. Cameron confesses. "I found copper. But that's as near what I went after as a man should expect to get in life, isn't it?" he adds with a twinkle in his eyes.

The odd thing about it, though, is that the man who went after the pot of gold should be known for the path he made to get there, and the pot of gold forgotten.

"After I'd got together an outfit and started mining in the Cañon," he tells the story, "we found it next to impossible to pack supplies and tools down in there; so one time, when I was coming out with my partner, I thought it would be a good idea to mark the best trail, so we would always know the easiest way to go.

"We had to rest a lot that trip; and every time we rested we stuck up a stone or made a little mound of earth for a landmark. Later we got busy with our pick-axes and a little dynamite, and built a path."

That path into the Grand Cañon is the famous Bright Angel Trail, traveled every year by thousands upon thousands of tourists, known all over the world, and holding the proud record of never having cost a human life; although there are places where, if a man should fall off, he probably would be dead before he hit anything!

"We took the easiest way and marked it," says Mr. Cameron. "There is no other place where you could make a trail, because there where we built it is the only fault in the geological formation. The strata run perfectly horizontal and impassable for miles on each side."

It Was the Doctor Who Died

OF the heartbreaking climb, the terrible, perilous moments when only the timely clutching of his hands kept him from being shattered on rocks three thousand feet below, Mr. Cameron seems to have thought very little. Perhaps that is why the people of Coconino County made him sheriff when the country was full of "bad men" and being sheriff was a two-man job.

Twenty-two years later he made his first trip back East to represent his adopted Territory in Washington. It was largely through his efforts that the Territory became a State; so now they call him "the father of Arizona."

One is reminded, too, that the boy who was a hopeless invalid stayed alive, and, incidentally, achieved perfect health. Even that was more than he had expected.

"It's true, I did," he remembers. "And when I got back East to tell the doctor, he was the one who was dead, instead of me!"

Making a Guest Feel at Home

THE Indians of the Brazilian forests have one most extraordinary custom. When a visitor arrives from another village, they do not welcome him with any "glad hand." No matter how distinguished he may be, he does not get hot-foots nor the freedom of the city. He does not even get a cordial smile.

Instead, the inhabitants take him into a hut, and make him lie down in a hammock. Then the women of the village stand round him and weep. Meanwhile the visitor, if he knows the proper thing, also puts his hands over his face and acts heartbroken. This goes on for an hour or two. After that visitor and visited behave much more like rational mortals.

The explanation of this strange performance is this: The hosts express their appreciation of the visit by lamenting the perils—usually quite imaginary—that the guest has undergone to reach them. The louder the women's lamentations, the more is the caller assumed to be flattered by their appreciation of his unparalleled toil in coming at all. The more "close up" the guest in the hammock pretends to be, the more are the hosts complimented.

Queer doings, of course! But how about us civilized persons who shake hands with our fellow man, by way of proving that we are not holding a stone ax behind us, ready to "hand him one"; and take off our hats when we enter a house, by way of showing our confidence that the owner will not pound us over our unprotected heads? "Why," remarks Chesterton, "if a lady bows to me on the street, do I forthwith remove a portion of my attire?"

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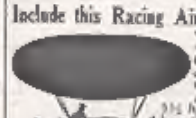

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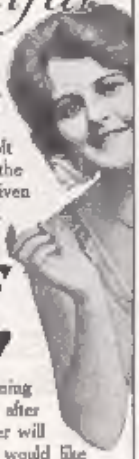

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Alone in the Rockies

This is undoubtedly how Captain Jack looked when she killed Indian Chief. Observe the revolver firmly grasped in her right hand.

CAPTAIN JACK is a seventy-three-year-old young woman who lives all alone on the top of the Rocky Mountains. Prospector, mine-owner, author, poet, and merchant, she maintains a small inn where tourists stop to buy, and remain to get acquainted with the redoubtable little Captain behind the counter.

Alert as a canary, she waited on us, talking all the while. I asked her about a long, wicked-looking scar across her cheek.

"Indian Chief tomahawked me in November, 1880, and rubbed poison ivy in the wound. Here!" She scurried through a drawer, and handed me the picture of herself with a revolver in her hand. "With that gun I killed him," she added conclusively.

"What did you fight about?" I ventured.

"My book will tell you—one dollar and fifty cents a volume; and let me tell you, lady, there's not one word of 'fiction' in that book."

In spite of the tomahawk episode Captain Jack believes in human nature. I bought the picture showing the murderous weapon, but do you think I could get her to look at the money? The Captain's wares are for sale; take what you like and—leave the change on the counter.

"I've been mining now thirty-five years," said the Captain. "I sold Black Queen Mine for $25,000, and in this mine," she added impressively, "I have just struck tant'lum." She explained to us that tantalum is a sister to radium and is worth sixteen dollars an ounce.

The little inn perched high on the side of the mountain is called Rock Horn Park. It is on the driveway built in 1908 by General Palmer, the founder of Colorado Springs, between North Cheyenne Cañon and Bear Creek Cañon—the "high drive," in mountain parlance. Rock Horn Park is more than nine thousand feet above the level of the sea.

"The Indian Girl's Prayer" and "The Veteran's Cry," poems, are printed on cards, and constitute a part of the versatile Captain's salable wares. Her book, "The Fated Fairy," is the story of her own actual experiences on the Rocky Mountain range. *Edna Herron.*

He Used to Drive J. P. Morgan

JOHN ANDERSON, ruddy and hale, with a sailor's eyes, a squint from being in the open, sighs a bit for the old days when he made as much as thirteen or fourteen dollars a day in fares. Now he considers himself in luck if he takes in as much as three dollars.

"J. Pierpont Morgan was my fare for years," he says. "Sixteen years ago I used to drive him down to Broad Street every morning.

"We cabbies would be waiting at eight o'clock before the fine houses around Fiftieth Street and Fifth Avenue, to take Rockefeller and Morgan and all those big fellows downtown. Then at one o'clock we'd crowd into Broad Street. When they'd come out we'd wheel up and say:

"'Make the 1.20 express at Grand Central for $2.'

"'Never mind the money, John,' Morgan used to say to me, 'but can you make it?'

"Never mind the money, John," Morgan used to say to him.

"And let me tell you I could make it, in those days, in sixteen minutes. Me and the other fellows used to race up Lafayette Street, where there were no surface cars. I've seen a lot of sparks fly from those stones."

John Anderson never took to taxicabs.

"You see, I was a coachman first, and I got so I seemed to understand horses. Now, a horse—a horse is a human being; but a machine's always a machine."

John's horse is old and tired now, and his cars, once erect, lie horizontal. He's a blasé old steed, bored because he has seen New York—seen it for nearly twenty years.

There are two classes of people that still like to ride in hansom cabs: genteel elderly ladies of the old school use them for shopping; and then, lovers. Next to summer moonlight on a lake, there has never been anything so perfectly designed for lovers. Young New York, that rides in taxis in the day-time and dances to feverish syncopation in the evening, has still enough romantic temperament and good sense to become engaged in a hansom cab rocking gently through Central Park.

She Spent Her Honeymoon in a Cave

THE Fifth Avenue bride is motored to church in her limousine; the bridegroom, if he be of a sporting turn, drives over in his racer; and later they are smoothly transferred to Palm Beach or elsewhere in a private car attached to a Pullman express train. The only exertion required on their part is the journey from the church door down the red carpet to the waiting motor; and the only danger attached is from the battery of agile newspaper photographers.

But Frederick A. Henton couldn't leave his mining engineering up in northern Alaska, to come down into civilization to get his Oregon bride. So his fiancée instructed him not to worry, said good-by to silk stockings and lingerie dresses, and started on her trip to the Arctic Circle, the last two hundred miles of which had to be made by dog-sled. After reaching the man in the case, there were sixty more miles to be traveled to the nearest mission for the wedding; but of course this part of the trip was, if anything, too short.

On the way to the new home, a full grown storm came up; and when that happens in those northern parts one doesn't hail a taxi or drop into a neighbor's cozy home to wait. The Hentons crawled into a friendly snow-bank and there remained for the first eighteen hours of their married lives. Then they ventured to more luxurious quarters in a deserted Eskimo snow hut, for the next week depending for their meals upon their luck in hunting ptarmigan, reindeer, and seal.

No moonlight benches—not even a wedding cake or a bride's bouquet; yet Mr. and Mrs. Henton insist that theirs was the best wedding and honeymoon ever scheduled anywhere.

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Rattlesnake oil is considered to be a valuable remedy for rheumatism, sprains, etc., and is much in demand among the large foreign population that is rapidly taking over the abandoned farms in New England.

The Rattlers' Den

THE rattlers around Portland hibernate in a cave near the top of a hill. The opening, under a rock, is about twelve inches in diameter. No one has had sufficient curiosity to investigate the interior. It is generally supposed that the recesses of the cavern spread out in many directions, for a tremendous colony lives there in the winter. Toward the end of April they venture forth, covered with dust after their long sleep, and scatter over the countryside for a radius of five miles around the hole. In summer they feed on squirrels, birds, and even woodchucks, until frost. Then they return to the cave. Fall and spring are Dell's busiest times, for at those seasons they are mobilizing.

Reeves has never been bitten by a rattler, and has been attacked only once in all the years he has hunted them. That was when he broke into a scene of quiet domesticity to get a couple of skins for a museum. He killed the female, and thereupon the male attacked him. He quickly laid his assailant low with a blow from the club. He has found, as a rule, that a snake will flee from an intruder, though

When life on the farm begins to seem dull, he goes out and fills his pockets full of rattlers.

it betrays itself by the whir of its rattles. The sneezy hunter says he has known of only one human being dying from a rattlesnake bite. This was a laborer who came upon a reptile in a woodpile and didn't realize his danger until too late. His friends' tales of fearful consequences frightened the man to death.

The farmers round about are never bothered, though the dogs frequently get into trouble. None of these has ever died, so far as Dell knows. The favorite remedy is to chop up an onion and poultice the bite. This draws out the poison. A freshly killed chicken tied over the wound is another remedy.

Europe Is Watching This Town

THAT war has put Eddystone, Pennsylvania, on the map. The Czar of Russia and the King of England would rather own Eddystone right now than a couple of Spains and Portugals put together, with an island of Cuba thrown in. The Kaiser would like to buy it and blow it up.

Eddystone is the miracle munition city. There is a building at Eddystone for making rifles that is as big as eight or ten Madison Square Gardens put together. It is said to be the biggest building of its kind under roof. And it went up so fast it smashed all building records to pieces. The Baldwin Locomotive Works built it for the Remington Arms Company.

And the Baldwin Company is building another for the Eddystone Ammunition Company, a Baldwin corporation that will make shrapnel. Counting the heating plants and the other "feeder" buildings, together the two great structures will have more than eighty acres of floor-space.

On May 8 the word was given the Baldwin engineers to start. By September 1 part of the Remington building was done and operating; the rest was nearly done. The Eddystone Ammunition building was started July 27. It is going up just as rapidly as the other building. Both are made of tile, steel, and glass. Since the Remington building was started it has rained nearly forty days; yet its building broke all records. In it the Remington Company is turning out rifles, and paying the Baldwin Company a premium on every one. The Baldwin Company will turn own two of the finest factory buildings in America when the war is over; and the war will have paid for them.

The King of England would rather own this place than the whole of Spain.

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